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Thursday Morning May 3, 1855

A PICTURE—NOT UNCOMMON.

Up to the orchard,
Down in the lane—
Hunted all over,
Hunted in vain.
For the sakes which wandered—
(The oxen I mean)
And the men of both sexes;
Wish they'd "got mixed,"
Or they had broke
Their necks, when they twisted
Them out of the yoke.
They always loved clover,
Far more than their yokes—
First time they broke over,
Should've put on the pokes.
All comes of improving
The lesson we'd taught them,
Late to think of it now.
In vain having sought them
Hopples and fetters
For the wretched "critters,"
That will not stay put
But still find one thing—
And we have found something—
Beetles, wedges, and glue,
Just where they left them,
And when we caught up their guns,
And put another quail,
Hog in the garden—
Cows in the corn—
Humble-bees building
Their nests in the barn—
Hang the "slow fowls,"
Teaching cattle to jump!
Gates of their hinges—
Leaky old plows—
Candle to a sander
To see by the bats
That come through the window,
For lack of more hats—
"Pater" few in a bill,
And darts at their
And half of them wasted
"Twen the 'girl' and the rat;
Owing to planting
Wrong time of the "moon,"
Too late for their last year,
This year too soon.
Children in tatters,
Don't know how to spell—
Wife in tears always,
There's nothing goes well—
Swine with their yokes on—
Kine with their pokes on—
Quite a sight, d'ye see?
How-bomeedle and necked—
But what could you expect
From such farmers as we?
Or, what would you give,
The secret to know?
"It's writ on the face
Of the BUM CASK BELOW!"
—Journal of Commerce.

The Year we Live In.

This question does not appear to be set-
tled yet. This year, according to the Ma-
hometan theory of time, is 1270; according
to the Jewish, 5615, and according to the
Christian, 5663. This is dated from the
creation of the world, in the Jewish and
Christian computation, and from the He-
gira or flight of Mahomet, in the first.
The Alphonse tables, however, make this
year the 7088th from the creation; while
the Greek Church dates this year as
7362, and some of the Eastern Churches
date it sixteen years later than the Greek
church. The Chinese adopt the Sexagen-
ary Cycle of 60 years, giving a name to
each year. Seventy-five cycles have now
elapsed, their era commencing in 2700 B.
C., so that they now deem themselves in
the year 4554. By the Hindoo era of the
Caliguy this year is 4955. The Mexican
era dates this year as 2944, only com-
mencing 1090 years B. C. The Mexican
year is correctly astronomical. The Tal-
mud makes this year 7193; the Septuagint,
7226; and the Samaritan Pentateuch,
8564.

Dr. Hales, the eminent chronologist,
fixes this year 7265, but the Catholic
Church adopt the best settled authorities,
and designate this year as 5658. Anno
Mundi, or creation of the world, and 1854,
Anno Domini. If the Roman Empire had
existed as it was under the emperors, this
year would be 2597, dating from the foun-
dation of Rome.

There is as much uncertainty regarding
the date of the flood, as of the creation.
The Septuagint makes it 3426 A. M., Jo-
sephus, 3446, the Samaritan Pentateuch,
2997, and the modern Jews, 2104. Some
of the profane writers make it 2358 A. M.
Amid all the absurd and painful calcu-
lations which have been made relative to
these epochs, the Christian era is undoubt-
edly the most correct and authentic. Ac-
cording to that, the world was created
5858 years ago, the deluge swept the
earth 3510 years ago, and 2348 years be-
fore Christ, and that we are now living in
the year 1855, dating from the birth of
Christ.

KIRWAN'S LETTERS.

TO THE RIGHT REV. JOHN HUGHES, BISHOP
OF NEW YORK.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my two last letters I
have stated to you some of the causes of
my early ungivings as to your being a
true church, and as to its holding the true
faith. These causes I might multiply in-
definitely; for you well know it to be a law
of the human mind that when its con-
fidence is once shaken, it sees causes of sus-
picion even in things true and honest. In
my first letter I stated to you that when I
deliberately rejected the authority and
teachings of your church, I became an in-
fidel. And my object in the present letter
is to reveal to you the process through
which my mind passed, in its transition
from popery to infidelity. I believe that
your Reverence will pronounce it a very
natural one.

On reaching the years of maturity my
mind was a perfect blank as to all religious
instruction. And if such instruction is
ever given by your church or priests, my
advantages were peculiarly good for re-
ceiving it. Indeed I was even talked of
as a candidate for Maynooth. Whilst my
mind was filled with superstitious notions
concerning meats and penances, and exter-
nal observances, and legends, it was ut-
terly ignorant of the Bible. With my
Missal I was somewhat familiar; I said the
Catechism when I was confirmed at the
age of nine or ten; and that was the amount
of my religious education. At the age of
eighteen years the Catechism was forgot-
ten, and the Missal was neglected; and as
my conscience was uneducated, and my
mind unfurnished with religious principles,
the only test of truth left me was my com-
mon sense. I then became the associate
of companions of Protestant education, who
would sometimes ask me my reason for
this and that observance; and not being able
to give any, as none were ever given me,
I was frequently put to the blush. I can-
didly state to you that it was in this way I
was first led to bring to the test of my
common sense, then my only standard,
some of the doctrines and rites of your
church. And this reveals the reason why
your priesthood is so intensely concerned
that Catholic children should be guarded
from all contact with those of Protestant
education. The spirit of inquiry is con-
tagious; and popes, bishops, and priests fear
it worse than the plague. Its indulgence,
you know, either is, or leads to, mortal sin.
Let me briefly state to you some of the ef-
fects of this spirit of inquiry upon me.

From my youth up I was taught to ab-
stain from all meats on Fridays and Satur-
days. Why on these days more than any
other, I was never told. And if by mis-
take I was involved in the violation of this
law, I felt a burden upon my conscience,
of which confession could only relieve me.
Circumstances led me to inquire into this
matter. I saw good papists eating eggs,
and fish, and getting drunk on these days;
but this was no violation of the law of the
Church! Yet if these persons should eat
meat of any kind; or use gravy in any
way, their conscience were troubled and
they must perform penance! This led me
to ask, Is this reasonable? If I may eat
meat on Thursday, why not on Friday?
Can God, in things of this kind, make that
to be a sin at one time which is not on
another? I saw also persons, for whose
moral worth I had the highest regard,
eating meats on those days, and without
any injury! And I came to the conclu-
sion that your regulations upon this mat-
ter were unreasonable, and rejected them.
And, as far as I now remember, this was
my first step towards light and freedom.

Whether our course is upwards, or
downwards, towards that darkness, one step
prepares for another. Devoted to reading
at this period of my life, I pursued, with
ardor, discrimination, every thing that came
in my way. Some book or tract, now for-
gotten, gave rise to some inquiries as to
the Mass. I asked, what does it mean?
I could not tell, though for years a regular
attendant upon it. Why does the priest
dress so? What book does he read from,
when he kneels now to his right, and now to
his left? What mean those candles burn-
ing at noonday? Why do I say prayers
in Latin, which I understand not? Should
I not know what I am saying when ad-
dressing my Maker? Why bow down, and
strike my breast, when the little bell
rings? What does it all mean? The
darkness of Egypt rested upon these ques-
tions. I thus reasoned with myself; God
is a spiritual and intelligent being, and
he requires an intelligent worship. What
worship I render him in the Mass, I
know not. My intelligent worship only is
acceptable to him, and is beneficial to me.
I am a rational being, and I degrade my
nature, and insult my Maker, by offering
to Him a worship in which neither my reason,
nor His intelligence is consulted.

Having come to this conclusion, I gave up
the Mass as a form of worship well enough
fitted for an idol, but unfitted to be ren-
dered by a rational being to the infinitely
intelligent Jehovah. I have never been to
Mass since, save out of curiosity to see how
an ignorant people can be edified by what
seems to me the most unmeaning and far-
cical of all the rites that ever man has de-
vised. And you know, sir, that with all
devotion and honesty a Catholic may wait
on your Masses until his looks are as white
as your surplice, and then pass into eter-
nity without one single spiritual idea upon
the subject of religion; resolving it all into
external observances.

When I came to the above conclusion
on the subject of the Mass, I experienced
no great difficulty as to the other matters
which passed rapidly in review before me.
Must I go to Confession? My prejudices
said, Yes. My reason said, No. And my
logic was simply as follows:—If I truly
repent of my sins God will forgive me; if I
do not, the priest cannot absolve me.—
And I spurned as unreasonable, and as an
insult to my common sense, your terrible
doctrine that "Every Christian is bound,
under pain of damnation, to confess to a
priest all his mortal sins, which after dili-
gent examination he can possibly remem-
ber; yea even his most secret sins; his very
thoughts; yea and all the circumstances of
them which are of any moment." I ask
you, sir, if this dogma of the Council of
Trent is not a horrible dogma? It sus-
pends upon confessing to a priest, what
the Bible suspends upon believing in Christ!
Do you, sir, believe it? Can you believe it?

With yet greater abhorrence, I gave up
the doctrine of Transubstantiation. As
explained by Dr. Challoner, in his "Catho-
lic Christian Instructor," Chap. 5, it means
"that the bread and wine are changed
by the consecration into the body and
blood of Christ; and are so changed that
Christ himself, true God, and true man, is
truly, really, and substantially present, in
the sacrament." With this doctrine in
view, I went to witness the administration
of the Eucharist, as you call it. I went to
Saint Peter's in Barclay-street. The com-
municants drew around the altar upon their
knees. With a little box in his hand, the
priest passed from one to the other, taking
a wafer, smaller than that used in sealing
a letter, from the box, and placing it upon
the extended tongue of the communicant.
I was always taught that the teeth must
not touch the wafer;—that it must melt
upon the tongue. This I find to be the
law of your church. I witnessed the cere-
mony, as I had often done before. I re-
flected from the scene, asking these ques-
tions: Is that little wafer the real body and
blood of Christ? Does the priest, in that
little box, not as large as a snuff-box, carry
two or three hundred real bodies of
Christ? Do these communicants, each in
their turn, eat the real body and blood of
Christ? My dear sir, I cannot express to
you the violence with which my mind re-
jected the absurdity. Look at it in what
light you may, it is abhorrent to our com-
mon reason;—it gives the lie to every sense
with which God has endowed us. It is a
wicked imposition.

Having gone through this process, not
with a light and trifling, but with a serious
mind, my prejudices rising in stormy re-
bellions against my convictions, I raised
up my eyes, and behold, my religion was
gone! The priest was a juggler, and his
religion a fable! Every thing that I had
ever learned from parent and priest to
esteem as religion, was now rejected as
false; and not knowing but that this was
all of religion that was in the world, I had
no alternative but infidelity. I had no test
of truth but my reason, and when I bro't
your system to that, I was compelled to
reject it, not only as false, but as a mon-
strous absurdity, and with it all religion.

Not have I dear sir, any hesitation in
saying that the process of my own mind
from popery to infidelity, is that through
which multitudes of minds have passed,
and are now passing. To an inquiring
mind, which knows nothing of the Bible,
infidelity is the fruit of popery. Hence in
papal countries, whilst the masses are su-
perstitious, the intelligent and educated
are infidel. If they sustain the vulgar re-
ligion, it is for reasons of state. Hence,
the infidelity of France, of Spain, of Italy.
At the present hour the mind of these
countries is more infidel than papal. And
this is true of every country on the globe
where your religion prevails. It makes
the masses superstitious, and the intelli-
gent, infidels.

And permit me to say, my dear sir, in
reference to yourself, that I have far too
high regard for your intelligence to admit
for a moment that you believe in the ab-
surd doctrines which you church teaches.
Like the ancient priests of Egypt, you must
have one class of opinions for the people,
and another for yourself. Will you say
that this is harsh and uncharitable? None
knows better than yourself that history af-
firms it of popes, cardinals, and bishops
that have lived before you. On no other
ground can I possibly account for your
remaining an hour in the Roman Catholic
Church.

With great respect, yours,

KIRWAN.

What is Dirt?

The grain, meat, fruit you eat, are all
dirt. The beautiful clean porcelain plate,
upon which you place your food, was dug
out of a clay bank last week! That bright
steel blade with which you are now lifting
the salt out of that crystal cup, if left in
contact with that salt a little space, a very
short fraction of eternity—would turn to
very dirty dirt. Even the crystal cup,
reduced to powder and mixed with
water, would change into the potato you
are eating. And if crystal is dirt—nothing
but dirt, what are you yourself? Dust
thou art. You need not be ashamed to
talk about yourself or your fellow—what
you are or will be, in the course of na-
ture's eternal changes—for by her inimi-
table laws, we are but dirt purified from
its most offensive particles for a little season,
and shall return again to our original con-
dition.—Life Illustrated.

Is that the way God paints?

It was the evening of the Sabbath.—
The sun had just descended below the
horizon, and his mellow rays were thrown
back upon the fleecy clouds, which hung
in reefs and folds along the western sky,
and tinged it with golden hues, so varie-
gated that a pious mind might innocently
contemplate it as imaging forth to earthly
expectants, the drapery of those mansions
in the heavenly temple, which our ascen-
ded Lord has prepared for his redeemed
ones.

The hour for the last services of the Sab-
bath was approaching, and a young lady
was standing at the window admiring the
gorgeous sunset, heedless of a tiny broth-
er by her side, until he exclaimed, "O how
beautiful it is! Sister, is that the way God
paints?"

The idea was not new, that all the col-
ors are contained in every beam of light,
but it was newly dressed. It was divested
of its philosophic robes, and beautifully
vested in innocent and child-like drapery.
God paints with rays of light. Every col-
or simple and compound, with all their
modifications, variously combined and ar-
ranged, which adorn and beautify visible
creation, are pencilings of an infinitely
skillful hand, drawn in rays of light, pour-
ed forth from the sun, the centre of our
system.

Ours is a beautiful world still, though
sin has sadly blarneyed it—skillfully ar-
ranged as it was, and richly adorned by
the hand of the Great Architect. They only
who have gone to that bright and sinless
world, of which "God himself is the light,"
the sun in the centre, shedding forth his
beams of empire light upon all the holy
things in heaven, are able fully to appre-
ciate or satisfactorily to respond to the
question of our little friend, "Is that the
way God paints?"—Tenn. Baptist.

"Nothing is it."—Last year's bird's
nests and squirrel-warmed librets are not
the only things in the world, of which it
may truly be said, "nothing is it." A
coquette's heart and a bachelor's home,
and a candidate's cordiality, and a shy-
lock's smile—of all these, may it safely be
predicted, there's nothing in it.

"Nothing in it," cries the Banker, as he
glances over column after column of the
daily, and sees nothing to stock or ex-
change—no him whereby he can make
cent per cent—no competitor bankrupt.

"Nothing in it," exclaims the politician,
when he vainly seeks a leader on the 'state
of the country,' or the latest card, or the
nearest candidate.

"Nothing in it," murmurs the maiden,
when the poet's corner is filled up with
the rhetoric of park, and the 'marriage bed' is
crowded out by 'fancy goods at cost.'

"Nothing in it," sighs the mourner, as
she looks over the page so full of life and
human interest—no tribute to "Nelly"
who died yesterday—no plaint for Jenny
who languishes to-day.

"Nothing in it," laughs the bride, as
her eyes dance over the columns; the cap-
ital look like bridesmaids, the italics are
waltzers, the paragraphs are pauses in the
tune, and she is too happy to read.

So amidst them all, the poor Editor has
a thankless time of it. "None Told!" is
pronounced against him by those whom he
respects and those whom he loves. "This
arrow at random—a leap in the dark,
and when the last 'proof' is read, and the
sheets are fluttering, like autumnal leaves
from the press, and he reviews his labor,
he too, is constrained to say with the rest
of the world, "there's nothing in it!"

LESSONS OF CONTENTMENT.—It happened
once, in a hot summer's day, I was stand-
ing near a well; when a little bird flew
down, seeking water. There was, indeed,
a large trough near the well, but it was
empty, and I grieved for a moment to think
that the little creature must go away thirst-
ing; but it settled upon the edge of the
trough, bent its little head forward, then
raised it again, spread its wings, and soared
away singing; its thirst was appeased. I
walked up to the trough, and there, in
the stone-work, I saw a little hole about
the size of a wren's egg. The water held
there had been a source of revival and re-
freshment; it had found enough for the
present, and desired no more. This is con-
tinent.

Again, I stood by a lovely, sweet-smell-
ing flower, and there came a bee, humming
and sucking; and it chose the flower for
its field of sweets. But the flower had no
honey. This I know, for it had no nec-
tary. What, then, thought I, will the bee
do? It came buzzing out of the cap to
take a further flight; but it spied the sim-
ple full of golden farina, good for making
wax, and it rolled its legs against them un-
til they looked like yellow hose, as the
bee-keepers say; and then, heavily laden,
flew away home. Then said I—"Thou
canst seek honey, and finding none,
hast been satisfied with wax, and hast stood
for thy house, that thy labor may not be
in vain. This, likewise, shall be to me a
lesson of contentment.

The night is far spent—the dark night
of trouble—that sometimes threatens to
close around us, but the day is at hand, and
even in the night there are stars, and I
have looked out on them, and been com-
forted; for as one star, I could always see
another rise, and each was lamp show-
ing me somewhat of the depth of the riches
of the wisdom and Knowledge of God.—
Parables from the German.

THE CORAL, OR, WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

Can a child do as much as an
insect? "Why yes!" exclaims every young
reader, "and more too!" Let us see. Im-
agine that you are a little sailing in a vessel
on the South sea. How beautifully you
glide along! The vessel thrums the ocean
like a swan. But what is that yonder,
rising above the billows, like a painted
hill? Now it sparkles in the rays of the
sun like a rock of silver, and now it as-
sumes different colors, variegated in the
most charming manner. Red, golden,
silvery hues, all blend together in deli-
cious richness. Nearer and nearer we come
to the attractive object, all the while ap-
pearing more beautiful and brilliant; when lo,
we discover it is the splendid work of
insects so small that we cannot see them
with the naked eye. Yes, the little coral
insect threw up those many colored reefs,
a little at a time, until we have this mag-
nificent sight.

And just over there, beyond that line of
reefs, you see that little island covered
with tall palm trees so green and slender.
The foundation of that island, now a fit
habitation for men, was laid by the same
little coral insect.

Myriads of them worked away, year af-
ter year, until a huge bed of coral became
the foundation of the island; then the soil
accumulated, seeds were dropped, and the
trees grew as they are now seen.

This is what some insects do towards
making this world a habitation for man-
kind. They make islands. God did not
create them to be useless in this world,
where there is so much to be done. Their
work amounts to something.

Would you not be as useful as the little
coral insect? You cannot build islands,
but you can help the people who live upon
them, and those who live in other parts
of the earth. A cent is a small gift, but one
hundred of them make a dollar. A grain
of sand is very minute, but enough of them
will make a mountain.

So the little which one child can do may
seem too small to be counted, but perhaps
twenty of these little are equal to the
work of a full grown man or woman. Try
them to be useful.

Everybody can do something. If the
coral insect works so hard for others, ought
you to be idle?

Mysteries on Every Side.

The world is full of mysteries. The
chamber in which the infant opens its eyes
is a universe of mysteries. The father's
voice, the mother's smile, reveal to us slowly
the mysterious world of the affections.
The child solves many of the mysteries;
but as the circle of knowledge is enlarged,
its vision is bounded by a veil of mystery.
The sun that awakens it at morning, and
again at night looks in at its window to bid
it farewell, the tree that shades its home,
and in whose branches the birds come and
sing before the dews are dry, the clouds
with shining edges that move across the
sky, calm and stately like the chariot of an
angel, all are mysteries. Nay, to grown
up man there is not a thing which the
hand touches or on which the eye rests,
which is not enveloped in mystery. The
flower that springs at your feet—who has
revealed the wonderful secret of its organi-
zation? Its roots shoot down, and leaf
and flower rise up and expand into the
infinite abyss of mystery. We are like en-
gines traveling through an unknown wild-
erness; they stop at night by a flowing
stream; they feed their horses, set up their
tent, and build a fire; and as the flames rise
up, all within the circle of a few rods is
distinct and clear in its light. But beyond
and bounding this are rocks dimly seen,
and trees with vague outline scoop for-
ward to the blaze; and beyond the branches
creak, and the waters murmur over
their beds; and wild unknown animal howl
in the dark realms of night and silence.—
Such is the light of man's knowledge, and
so it is bounded by the infinite realms of
mystery.

Singular Phenomenon.

We have never seen in print a notice of
the following strange fact, although every
steamboat man acquainted with Green riv-
er navigation, can verify its truth. Just
above the locks, when the river is in a cer-
tain stage, very low, for several miles
steamboats shut down their furnace doors
and allow no torch to be lighted, for fear
of what the deck hands call "letting the
river on fire!" Frequently boats using
torches or keeping their furnace doors open
at this particular place, have found them-
selves engulfed in blue flames, greatly
to the alarm of the passengers, and in sev-
eral instances the passengers have been
prevented by the strenuous exer-
tions of the officers from leaping overboard
in their alarm. The cause of the singular
phenomenon is simply this:

The bottom of the river becomes cov-
ered with forest leaves and rubbish to the
depth of some inches, probably several feet.
Boats in low water run through this bed of
vegetable matter, their wheels stirring it
up thoroughly. An inflammable gas is
thus permitted to escape, which, on com-
munication with a flame, at once takes fire
and burns with a blue blaze. At such time
the boat is stopped and the flame ceases.—
When out, the boat goes on again, taking
the precaution mentioned above. Unless
allowed to continue some little time, the
burning gas is not apt to communicate its
flame to the wood—but it is quite suffi-
cient to seriously alarm those not acquaint-
ed with its cause.—Evansville Journal.

Love to Small Things.

As I walked, on a bright spring day, a-
long one of the avenues of the Green Park,
in London, admiring the bright gravel-
walks, the verdant foliage, the silver-
barked stems and elegant branches of the
birch-trees, and observed the company, I
saw two very little girls—oh, indeed, was
two babes—neatly and gently dressed in
light blue plaid frocks, moving on be-
fore me, jumping and laughing in the very
joy of their hearts. By accident the lesser
of the two fell, when the other, a mile of
creature, assuming all the protective kin-
ness of a mamma, lifted up her fallen sister,
wiped away tenderly the bit of gravel
which stuck to her tiny hands, and kissed
her and comforted her till her face was lit
up with a smile.

I do like to see instances of love in small
things; for they are the germs and the bud
of what shall blossom and bring forth the
fruit of kindly deeds in after years. Can
my little maidens, not only along the
gravel-walks of the Green Park, but thro'
the thorny paths of life, also, with your
hands and your hearts united. And may
He who said, "Suffer little children to
come unto me, and forbid them not, for
such is the kingdom of heaven," be ever-
more your guide, your guard, and comfort-
er.—Trist Magazine.

Tests upon Scripture.

It is very common with some persons, to
raise a laugh by means of some ludicrous
story connected with a text of Scripture.—
Sometimes it is a play upon the words, or a
pun; at other times a blunder; and not sel-
dom a downright impiety. Whatever be
its form, even when lightest, it is no light
offense, leading as it does to profane con-
tempt of God's word. Those who prac-
tise this have never been celebrated for
genius yet. The laughter which they call
forth is provoked solely by the unex-
pected contrast between the solemn words
of Scripture and some droll idea. There
is no real wit in the case; and the dullest
persons in society are most remarkable for
these attempts.

The evils arising from this practice are
greater than appear at first. It leads, in
general, to irreverence for Scripture. No
man would jest with the dying words of
his father or his mother; yet the words of
God are quite as solemn. When we have
heard a comic or vulgar tale connected with
a text of Scripture, such is the power of
association, that we never heard the text
afterwards without thinking of the jest.—
The effect of this is obvious. He who is
much engaged with this kind of false wit
will come at length to have a large portion
of Holy Scripture spotted over by his un-
lucky fancy.

PERSONAL DECORATION.—In a short time
of universal famine, how many jewels
would you give for a single loaf of bread?
In a raging fever, how many diamonds
would you sacrifice for a moment's ease?
In a parched desert, how many embroi-
dered robes would you exchange for a cool
draught? That these gaudy trifles should
be valued at so high a rate, is certainly a
disparagement to the understanding of
mankind, and is a sad demonstration of
the meanness into which we have sunk by
the fall. Compare them with the sublime
and stupendous, and the lovely objects that
everywhere meet your eye in the creation
around you. Can your richest purple ex-
cel the violet, or your purest white eclipse
the lily of the valley? Can your bright-
est gems outshine the glory of the sun?
Why then should enormous sums be ex-
pended on baubles and sparkling dust?
Compare them with your books, your Bi-
ble, your souls—all neglected for their
sake! Arise at once to correct your senti-
ments, and noble aims; make the Bible
your looking-glass, the grace of the Spirit
your jewels—if you must shine, shine
here; here you may shine with advantage
in the estimation of the wise and good—in
view of the approbation of the holy angels
and the eternal God; shine in death when
the lustre of the fine gold has become dim,
and the ray of the diamond extinguished;
shine in the celestial hemisphere with
saints and seraphs, amid the splendor of
the Eternal.

NEWSPAPERS.—Jude Longstreet, whose
views on all subjects are sensible, practi-
cal, and worth treasuring up, thus sets
forth the value of a paper:

"Small is the sum that is required to
patronize a newspaper, and most amply
reunited is the patron. I care not
how humble and unpresenting the Ga-
zette which he takes, it is next to impos-
sible to fill a sheet fifty-two times in a year,
without putting into it something that is
worth the subscription price. Every re-
sponsible person is off from him at school
should be supplied with a paper. I well
remember what a difference there was be-
tween those of my school-mates who had
no access to newspapers. Other things
being equal, the first were always decided-
ly superior to the last in debate and com-
position at last. The reason is plain: they
had command of more facts. Youth will
peruse a newspaper with delight when they
will read nothing else."

THE warm hearted and benevolent
man finds all nature smiling around him,
or, if the chances to meet misery and suf-
fering, the sympathy he extends to it re-
acts with pleasant influence on his own
mind and proves a sufficient reward; but
the morose and surely, or supercilious
mind, wonders in the fairest scenes as in
a desert—sees only to be dissatisfied, hears
to be displeased only.—

Beautiful Extract.

The following beautiful tribute to Wo-
man, was written several years ago by a
contributor, I believe, to the Saturday
Post. It occurs in a tale of touching in-
terest, entitled "The Broken Heart." Its
author, Dr. F. J. Stratton, now, or at
least several years since, a resident of
Providence county, in this State, contributed
in years past many beautiful things to
American literature over the non des plume
of REXELAS.

"Oh! the priceless value of the love of a
true woman! Gold cannot purchase a
gem so precious! Titles and honors con-
fer upon the heart no such serene happi-
ness. In our darkest moments, when dis-
appointment and ingratitude, with corro-
ding care, gather thick around and even the
gaunt poverty menaces with his skeleton
finger, it gleams around the soul with an
angel's smile. Time cannot mar its bril-
liancy; distance but strengthens its influ-
ence, bolts and bars cannot limit its pro-
gress, it follows the prisoner into his dark
cell and sweetens the home moral that ap-
pears his hunger, and in the silence of
midnight, it plays around his heart, and in
his dreams he feels in his bosom the form
of her who loves on still, though the world
has turned coldly from him. The couch
made by the hand of a loved one, is soft to
the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and
the potion administered by the same hand,
loses half its bitterness. The pillow care-
fully adjusted by her, brings repose to the
fevered brain, and her words of kind en-
couragement, revives the sinking spirit.—
It would almost seem that God, com-
passionating woman's first great frailty, had
planted this jewel in her breast, whose
heavenly influence should cast into for-
getfulness man's remembrance of the Fall,
by building up in his heart another Eden,
where perennial fountains forever bloom, and
crystal waters gush from inexhaustible foun-
tains.

THE PARTISAN OF HORSES.—The past-
ern joint should be large, and the distance
from them to the foot short; the elastic
pastern is not at all adapted to the violent
shocks it sustains in leaping. I once
knew a steple chaser horse particularly
long in this respect; I saw him on train-
ing, and in taking a gallop across the
country